The COMMONWEAL

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Why It Must Continue

BADLY needed intensification of the national war effort is bearing down heavily in the publishing field. Most striking indication of the concern felt by publishers is the announcement that the *Saturday Evening Post* with its millions of readers has just raised both its single copy and yearly subscription prices. The *Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion* and *McCall's* are raising their news stand prices by 50 percent. If publishers who register solid annual profits and have at their disposal such considerable resources are so patently concerned as to their immediate future, it is no wonder that THE COMMONWEAL has had to appeal for aid. But whereas publishers of slick paper journals must now seek to maintain or extend profits, this infinitely smaller venture perforce has no such financial ambitions. THE COMMONWEAL now seeks only the wherewithal to continue publication.

That this is widely realized is indicated by the tenor and the scope of the response that so far has greeted the appeal which this magazine launched five weeks ago. Readers from 33 states, from the city of Washington, from Quebec and Nova Scotia, from Venezuela have rallied to the appeal. Bishops, priests, religious, laymen, business and professional men, teachers, college students and seminarians, Catholics, Protestants and Jews—all have joined together to contribute, pledge assistance and send messages of encouragement. So far they number less than three hundred individuals and organizations, but the burden of their letters has been: "THE COMMONWEAL must continue."

There is something rather humiliating about publicly admitting that this magazine is threatened with suspension. There is little pleasure in announcing that despite the cutting of expenses by one third, despite whatever enterprise this review has manifested recently, and whatever interest it arouses from week to week, despite the anxiety of the staff and of special friends of the magazine and despite labor and worry day and night, THE COMMONWEAL has to appeal frankly to all its readers for the funds needed to continue. Yet this is no time for hesitations on the grounds of personal or institutional pride. The work is too important, the potentialities too great, the hopes of too many people—the efforts of the American Catholic laity to produce and maintain a critical review—are engaged. It is precisely in a time of total war that a periodical such as this has its greatest opportunity to be useful to its individual readers, to the nation and to the Church. It is difficult in these times not to be conscious of one's responsibilities.

The present managers of THE COMMONWEAL are mindful of all that has gone into the making of the magazine in the past eighteen years. To have survived thus far, to have borne witness—however inadequately and imperfectly—for nearly two decades; to have combatted nazism, communism, fascism, anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, historical and philosophical error, intolerance generally; to have worked unceasingly for the realization of Christian social ideals in mine and farm and factory, in legislative hall and in the international arena; to have maintained sound standards in literature and the arts, to have discovered and developed new writers and artists in other fields; publicly to have demonstrated to some degree how educated Catholics view the modern world; to have done all this for more than seventeen years in the face of intermittent opposition and constant lethargy is no mean achievement. In doing so THE COMMONWEAL has established itself and has come to be recognized as a national institution. It has attained a position that must not now be lost.

History shows, however, that institutions of far greater strength and renown can go down. And there can be no gainsaying that the cessation of THE COMMONWEAL during this war would mean that it would not be revived in our lifetime. The huge sums that would be required, the paralyzing knowledge that it had once been tried and failed would guarantee that. Reader after reader who has responded to the magazine's current need has said that it would be tragic if it were to cease publication. What remains to be raised to reach the goal is a moderate amount. Seven thousand dollars, or 700 Associates averaging $10 each.

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will compass that goal. At this critical juncture in the history of THE COMMONWEAL, in the history of American Catholic journalism, we appeal to each and every reader to do what he can to assure publication. If THE COMMONWEAL goes, there is nothing to take its place.

Renault—Farman—Salmson

IN 1917, when the AEF had aviators in France but no planes for them to fly, these factories worked for our forces. There was a war then and a victory. In another war they worked again for France and France has been defeated and now these same factories supply the Germans with tanks and trucks and engines. We were in France as allies and the factories worked for us; the Germans are in France as conquerors and the factories work for them. These, and all other factories in occupied France, and all the French railroads work now for the Germans. In so far as France produces anything, exports anything, can be robbed of anything, France "collaborates" now with the German war machine. This fact can be stated without any emotional overtone. It has little to do with volition on the part of the French Government; nothing to do with the desires of the French people—it is the condition of a conquered, occupied country. On another level, that, for instance, of the disposition of the French overseas empire, the French Government retains some freedom of choice and action and, consequently, great responsibility. Marshal Pétain is deeply responsible, also, for the direction he gives to the attitude of the French people toward their former allies. But in occupied France he is powerless and it is precisely for this reason that his thesis on the bombing of Billancourt is inadmissible.

It is "criminal aggression . . . to spread death among our innocent civilians," says the Marshal. And in his mind these civilians are innocent because he has proclaimed France's neutrality. We have lost the war, he says, we are out of the war, we are neutral. Just as in the Riom trial the Vichy Government seeks to withdraw from the reality which binds it to the pre-war government of Republican France, so in defeat it seeks to withdraw from the war into an impossible isolation. It demands that this isolation, which is not respected by France's conqueror, be respected by the powers at war with Germany. It is with reluctance and pity that we say that France is still in the war and that the Pétain conception of a "neutral" France is almost pathological in its remoteness from reality.

It has proved impossible for any nation to stay out of this war. The "neutrals" were drawn into it one by one. Their geographical position lay in the path of the German advance, or their economy or ideals were linked to those of Germany's adversaries; their neutrality was a fiction. The case of France shows that it is equally impossible for any nation to drop out of the war and revert to the fiction of neutrality. This war envelops all nations, everything that lives and all space. It envelops and holds the nations that are fighting and those that have been conquered and those that are still untouched in a unity which must remain indissoluble until the end.

Farmers, Beware!

THE three high priests of the new deal in agriculture—the President himself, Vice-President Wallace and Secretary Wickard—on March 9 jointly addressed the farmers of the country, a large number of whom were dining together in observation of the ninth anniversary of the Administration's farm program. What the President said was measured, and will serve to allay some of the strong criticism which has been levelled against various groups in the country's population for their supposed intention to profit unduly from the war. "It seems to me that we ought to feel proud of the undoubted fact that we are getting cooperation and a reasonably fair balance among 90 per cent of our population and that if less than 10 per cent of the population is chiseling, we still have a pretty good national record." It is certainly true that the general record of New Deal reform in agriculture is also good, and in some respects the policies of the present Department of Agriculture are wise beyond reasonable expectation. Today, for the first time in many years, the need is for a vastly increased farm production, and Secretary Wickard's assurance that the farmers mean to accomplish it reinforces what one would naturally suspect, for farmers have always liked to raise the biggest crops they can. Nor can we begrudge them any reasonably higher prices they get for what they raise. What was not said in any of the three speeches, and what needs saying badly, is that we must prevent higher food prices from profiting principally the speculators and middle men. There is reason to believe that this is precisely what has been happening.

Strangers That Sojourn

CATHOLICS—and particularly Polish-American Catholics—have little ground for pride in events recently reported from Detroit. Many months ago it was determined by the Federal Government that a housing unit should be built for Negroes in a certain section of that city. This section is a borderline section, very close to a district occupied by Negroes, although itself inhabited by white people. A considerable Negro patronage is enjoyed by the stores and churches of the neighborhood. The white population is mixed, but contains a very large number of per-

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sons of Polish origin. When this decision was announced, there was considerable protest, over a period of months, and the protestants enlisted the support of certain Southern congressmen in their effort to prevent the carrying through of the original plan. It is reported that one of those active in organizing this movement of protest was a Catholic priest of the neighborhood.

Finally the pressure applied led the Federal Government to announce that the housing unit would be for white families. Then Negro pressure was brought to bear to restore the unit to the use for which it was originally planned, and again pressure won the day. The Office of Defense Housing Coordination designated "Sojourner Truth Homes" for Negro occupancy, and leases were duly executed with prospective Negro tenants. The buildings finally were completed, and February 28 was designated as the first day when occupancy could be taken. When the prospective tenants arrived upon the scene, they found a mob of nearly 1200 persons, armed with knives, clubs, rifles and shotguns (following the account in the New York *Times*), "ready to do battle in the street separating the project from a row of dwellings occupied by white persons." The result was a general fracas in which shots were fired, several persons were slashed, three policemen and about fifteen others, both white and Negro, were taken to hospitals. Attempts to calm the mob were unavailing. The night before, 150 white pickets had patrolled the project and burned a fiery cross. Three days later, Mayor Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., announced that occupancy of "Sojourner Truth Homes" would be postponed indefinitely.

Once again we are confronted with an appalling instance of official ineptness in handling what is at best a delicate situation. The vacillation of the government agency in charge of this housing unit can lead Negroes to only one conclusion—that the government has no policy based upon principle, but will yield to whatever pressure seems the greatest at the moment. The reasons for white opposition to Negro occupancy of this project are clear enough. On the material level, they are even understandable. It has become an established part—however unjust it may be—of the American pattern of living that white people and Negroes cannot live mixed together in the same section of a city, and when the Negroes come in, the whites feel that they must move out. Naturally this is inconvenient and sometimes means financial sacrifice, although such sacrifice is infrequent since, district for district, Negroes pay higher rents than whites. In the same way certain social institutions—notably churches—suffer when a district becomes Negro, and they *do* suffer in a financial way. Yet obviously there is a greater social good in the amelioration of Negro living conditions, which can only take place through the expansion and decentralization of Negro living districts, than there is social harm in the inconvenience to the white families who feel they have to move on. After all, it is a tradition of the American city that they will move on eventually anyway. And what is most shocking in the present instance is that those from whom the community should receive moral leadership were among the very organizers of a protest having as its principal purpose the preservation of purely material values.

"Black Market"—a Forewarning

THERE is a legitimate interest for us these days in the stories of the English "black market," wherein money and shady ingenuity conspire to outwit the rationing laws. Not only can most of us produce a parallel from our memory of prohibition days, but, what is more immediately important, we can all see in the civic deliquescence of a fraction of the English population a warning of what may threaten us in the time of belt-tightening to come, unless we vigilantly tighten our social morals also. In these circumstances, it need not be mere ghoulishness, or Anglophobia, or even the recollection of the disdain so freely handed us across the ocean during the bad days of the bootlegger, which prompts careful attention to such an article, for example, as that of Craig Thompson, writing from London for a recent Sunday *Times*. According to his analysis, the line-up is the same: money on one side, and on the other a law widely acclaimed and widely broken. There is a brisk trade in forged and stolen coupons; the names of tailors or vintners or caterers who will accept this illicit pay (realizing as much as a 500 percent profit on it through complicated adjustments with their wholesalers), are whispered around among the knowing just as those of bootleggers and hijackers used to be whispered. There are even methods for clearing the coloring from earmarked gasoline, as there used to be for taking the noxious chemicals out of commercial alcohol. The profiteers of the system are despised, and there is a constant demand that the already piled-up fines against them (when they are caught) be further increased; but the buyers largely escape censure, and many of those who would refuse as a matter of course to associate with a black market racketeer will try their own dodges to beat the rationing law, equally as a matter of course. When rationing hits our large and heterogeneous country in earnest, this familiar pattern will tend automatically to crystallize among us once more. Measures against it will have to include the buyer as well as the seller. But more wisely still, we should have recourse to preventives: fair rationing laws, made not in the dark but on the basis of adequate surveys and adjustments; and a firm and continuing campaign to keep the civic conscience aroused.

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Church and State in Fascist Italy

An appraisal of an important new book, together with important reminiscences.

By **Count Carlo Sforza**

MANY American Catholics welcomed and respected in fascism the régime which had brought official reconciliation between the State and the Church in Italy.

But a still greater number of American Catholics—good Catholics and loyal Americans—wonder now whether they did not go too far in admiration of a régime which wantonly has declared war on the United States (against the will of the immense majority of forty-four million Italians) and which has indissolubly united its fate with the most anti-Christian of western movements: German nazism.

The documentary answer to doubts of this sort has just been given by one of the most distinguished Catholic scholars of Ireland, D. A. Binchy, professor of legal history in University College, Dublin, one-time representative of Eire in Germany, and a Catholic who has been in long personal intimate touch with all the shades of Catholic opinion in Italy. The result of Professor Binchy's long studies is a book, "Church and State in Fascist Italy,"[1] which is long but so full of good reading that one closes it with sadness, which is documentary but at the same time filled with drama. Meditating upon this book today, after so many un-Christian events, one understands how wisely Don Sturzo, the leader of the Italian Catholic democrats, declared to certain friends who urged for collaboration with fascism: "One collaborates standing, not kneeling."

May I add that one who now shares Sturzo's voluntary exile in the United States[2] answered directly from Paris, where he was Ambassador, to Mussolini, who had warmly urged him to favor the impending "march on Rome": "I am not even asked to support a policy; I am asked to support a personal adventure; how would I?" It was, in a less concise form, the same reply.

One of the discoveries that the study of Professor Binchy's book allows any honest reader to make is that the reconciliation between the Church and the State was ripe in Italy, at the end of the first World War; and that it would have taken place under any democratic government. Professor Binchy admits that "the relations of the Church with the State were improving; the old hostility to it had largely disappeared, for even the Socialists had discarded their anticlericalism, and only the fascists and communists were now left to carry on the Garibaldian tradition. Further, a powerful and growing party of Catholics was there to watch over the interests of religion in and outside Parliament. Among the ordinary people the war had caused a revival of spiritual values which was reflected in public religious celebrations on a most imposing scale; again only fascists and communists attempted to interfere with them. A mighty procession through the streets of Rome, which were lined with 10,000 Italian troops, marked the culminating point of the Sixteenth National Eucharistic Congress; and yet there are Catholic writers today who boldly affirm that such demonstrations were forbidden until Mussolini arrived to 'protect' religion. . . ."

The Eucharistic Congress took place at the beginning of 1922; away from Italy, being then Ambassador to France, I did not see the spectacle. But I saw and still remember with emotion another event which took place two years before, in 1920, and in which half Italy, not only a great city, had its part: the translation of the ashes of the Unknown Soldier from the battlefields near the Alps to the Capitol in Rome. All along the railways through which the beflagged train passed, millions of citizens and peasants knelt, led by their magistrates and their priests who, frequently, had erected altars at the stations where the train had to stop—all the crowds joining in prayers. My wife saw one of these scenes in Northern Italy, accompanied by the wife of a British statesman who a few years later sang imprudent praises of fascism. The worthy lady—in whom Mussolini's "stab in the back" of May, 1940, has probably awakened some memories—could not cease repeating to my wife: "But who are the criminals who go on saying that present-day Italy lacks patriotism and religious feeling?" They were not criminals; only selfish and blind adorers of money to whom rising wages and social laws seemed crimes.

The Roman question

It is not exaggerating to say that the decision to find a settlement of the Roman Question had been reached from both sides as early as 1919.

[1] Oxford University Press. $5.00.

[2] Sturzo began his exile in 1924, long before me. He first went to London and later on came to the United States.

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Professor Binchy's book does not throw much light on this point, although he recalls the conversations between Prime Minister Orlando and Monsignor Kelley first, and later on Monsignor Ceretti (May-June, 1919). For other earlier contacts, official documents are still lacking; and it would be dangerous to worthy prelates and laymen—with fascism still in power—for me to publish certain texts; but well may I contribute my personal evidence.

In June, 1919, being in Constantinople as High Commissioner to Turkey, a telegram from Nitti, who had been asked by the King to form a new Cabinet after Orlando's resignation, requested me to come at once to Rome. I went immediately and Nitti, who had constituted this new government a few days before, offered me the post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which meant—he said—"the complete direction of the Foreign Office in Rome," since the Secretary of State Tittoni was detained at the Paris Peace Conference. "Two great questions," Nitti added, "are waiting for our most pressing attention: the peace with the Yugoslavs and the official conciliation with the Vatican."

The first of these questions I knew was probably one of the reasons why I had been chosen: had I not, since 1916, in my dispatches from Corfu and Macedonia, respectfully but firmly opposed the policy of Baron Sonnino, then Foreign Minister, who refused to see that only a loyal friendship with the rising Slav nationalities might create new, wider influences for Italy and safer conditions of peace for the world?

Of the negotiations with the Vatican I was quite ignorant; although something had taken place in Constantinople, a few months before, which might have prepared me for Nitti's disclosure. Back from Jerusalem, Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, had stopped in Pera at the British Embassy; we had had an exchange of two long vists and the Cardinal, who spoke to me in the most fluent Italian, told me how glad he had been to see everywhere in the East the excellent relations between Italian missionaries and Italian authorities; a new proof—he added—that the times were ripe for an official conciliation; not only did he tell me that the Pope was most favorable to the idea but he went as far as to outline a few general views which—I answered him—seemed to me wholly acceptable by Italy; no allusion to an international guaranty was made in our conversations, of which I sent a detailed account to my government.[1] But Cardinal Bourne was far from suspecting that the diplomat and administrator with whom he was speaking at the Italian Embassy on the Bosphorus would soon become Minister for Foreign Affairs. . . .

Nitti explained to me: "I have been having, since becoming Prime Minister, secret conversations with Cardinal Gasparri [who was then Benedict XV's Secretary of State]; you'll see him with me at one of our next meetings and you'll agree with me that an entente is sure on the two following points: (a) the Vatican palaces and gardens become a theoretical State in order to show materially the independence of the Holy See; (b) we'll send an Ambassador to the Pope and the Pope will send a Nuncio to us."

My later contacts and discoveries proved to me that Nitti had simplified a little too much—in perfect good faith. His inborn optimism induced him sometimes not to see the implications and correlations of certain problems, as when we ended by disagreeing so sharply about Italy's policy toward France on one side and Germany on the other; he refused to see that his excessive hostility to our Latin neighbor risked making Italy subservient to Germany. In fact—as I soon realized—Benedict XV, who desired an entente with Italy even more warmly than his successor, wanted a little more in one way, and much less in another, than Pius XI nine years later insisted on. Benedict wanted more because an agreement for a Vatican State, which he visualized as even smaller than that provided in the Lateran treaty, seemed to him, and to Cardinal Gasparri, safer and more dignified if accompanied by some sort of international guaranty (although, in order to respect natural Italian susceptibilities, the word "guaranty" was never used, which proves that agreement was possible and easy.) On the other side Benedict XV wanted much less, because never an allusion was made by the Vatican to the necessity for a Concordat. For religious life in Italy Benedict put his trust not in treaties and Concordats but in the influence of the newly founded Italian Popular Party whose aim, under Don Sturzo's generous and far-seeing leadership, was to associate the Church with a progressive social action. In reality, the Popular Party—as Sturzo had imagined it and led it to imposing electoral victories—might have represented the best asset of a true conciliation, in no way compromising the Vatican, declaring itself politically independent from it, but standing in every field, social, political, ethical, for a constant defense of Christian thought.

One might add that Benedict having been a career diplomat lacked the respect for treaties which is frequently found among scholars who are used to study them in solemn books of history. His most close Italian friend—the only one whom he continued to address with our familiar

[1] Orlando answered me in a private letter asking me on my first visit to Rome to go and see him. Sonnino made no answer. Cf. what Binchy says of the difference of views of the two statesmen. Orlando, who favored the conciliation, is now a most outspoken critic of fascism. Sonnino, who was contrary, became a sort of "prophet" of fascism.

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Italian *tu* even after 1914—Baron Monti, who came so frequently to see me when I was Foreign Minister in order to convey me certain wishes of the Pope,[1] told me once that one of the Pope's most frequent quotations was: "Historia Concordatorum, historia dolorum." When it will be possible to publish Monti's letters to me, the proof will be given that the relations between the Italian State and the Vatican were infinitely more intimate, open, steady, confident than after the Lateran treaties.

The conversations with Cardinal Gasparri came to an end in June, 1920, when the Nitti cabinet resigned and Giolitti again became Prime Minister, with me as Foreign Minister. When I related to him our previous confidential contacts with Cardinal Gasparri, he remained silent; and only after a few days of meditation he told me: "All has been done with prudence and dignity, on both sides. But I belong to the old school; I believe that the best thing for Church and State in Italy is to be like two parallel lines which never cross each other, never diverge, but never meet."

In reality, more than a question of theories, it was a question of age. Giolitti was eighty-two, he had been prime minister longer than any other Italian since Cavour; how could he have changed his style?

But since, abroad, the influence of freemasonry in Italy as an anticlerical force has been greatly exaggerated, may I point out that the official publications of freemasonry have always complained that the long rule of Giolitti had been constantly marked by hostility against masonic influence . . . The eldest and favorite daughter of Giolitti, Enrichetta Chiaraviglio, now a political exile in Argentina, was, during her father's last premiership, one of the leaders of the Catholic Women's movement in Italy. If I refer to this simple fact, so characteristic of the families of the Italian statesmen of free Italy, it is in order to add that Professor Binchy, although unduly critical—as he appears to me—of the leaders of the Risorgimento, admits honestly that all of them were Catholics, living in Catholic families, frequently being themselves *praticanti,* while not one of the fascist leaders is Christian or Catholic. And this scholar, who evidently has not been brought up in an atmosphere of sympathy or respect for united Italy, loyally concludes this part of his book: "Indeed I think that far more ecclesiastics have been imprisoned during the ten years of 'reconciliation' than during the entire period of *dissidio.*"

Mussolini "solves" it

There is a story, probably apocryphal, that when Cardinal Gasparri and his secretary were returning to the Vatican after the signing of the Lateran treaties, their car came to a sudden halt in one of the narrower streets of Rome's center; the stoppage was caused by two men who were exchanging blows and kicks in the middle of the street. Looking at them out of the window, the Cardinal remarked with truly Gasparrian humor: "I wonder when did they make their Concordat?"

But when the Italians heard, unexpectedly, on February 11, 1929, that the Lateran treaties had been signed, sentiments of delight and approval "seemed to be [our author says] almost universal. Some Catholics, of course, who were better acquainted with the difficulties of the Roman Question than their co-religionists abroad, were uneasy, perhaps even critical; but they were comparatively few. For the average Italian Catholic who loved his Church and his country, the reconciliation was an occasion of the purest joy." A few days later, however, rumors of dissent in high places were heard at once throughout Italy. "The Fascist Grand Council met on February 25 and 26 and stories were circulating of violent scenes and angry speeches, particularly by Balbo and Farinacci, which belied the official account that a statement by Mussolini on the agreements had been greeted with unanimous and rapturous applause. The name of Farinacci is ominous: today even more than a few months ago, when Professor Binchy was reading the proofs of his book, Farinacci is not only the most powerful man in Italy after Mussolini, but his anticlericalism expresses itself in even more violent ways; in order to belittle and "offend" Sturzo—the Catholic leader most diametrically opposed to fascism—does he not, for example, always call him "quel prete"—that priest—as if it was the most offensive epithet at his disposal.

Many other Catholics became even more thoughtful, at least in Italy, when on March 3, 1929, the Secretary General of the Fascist Party, Augusto Turati, said in a solemn speech that the fascist State, "which we must adore on our bended knees," suffers "neither diminutions nor limitations from outside, unitary, absolute, ruler of everybody and everything."

But Professor Binchy gives even more food for thought when he scrutinizes Mussolini's famous speech in Parliament on May 13, 1929: "Mussolini opened deliberately on a jarring note, an effective contrast to the prudent harmony observed by most previous speakers. He spoke with unconcealed irony of the first joyful reaction to the news of the settlement: 'surprise, jubilation, emotion, bells, bands and banners. . . . After three months these ardors have naturally abated, and now I propose to make you the least lyrical and most frigid of speeches.' He certainly kept his word, for nearly every phrase that followed was a cold douche for those Catholics, listening within

[1] Baron Monti was one of the three Directors of the Ministry of Justice; his official post and his intimate friendship with the Pope made of him the ideal Ambassador.

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the Chamber and outside, who had exalted him as 'the leading statesman of Catholicity.' Those who had spoken of a 'free and sovereign Church' were bluntly told that 'within the State the Church is not sovereign, not even free . . . because it is subordinate, both in its institutions and its members, to the general laws of the State.' Then came the celebrated analysis of the origin and development of Christianity, which 'would very probably have perished,' like so many obscure Eastern sects, had it not "become Catholic at Rome,' where it found a favorable milieu 'in the swarming ant-heap of Levantine humanity which ravaged the subsoil of Rome and for which a discourse like the Sermon on the Mount opened up new horizons of revolt and emancipation.' There followed a brief account of the temporal power of the Popes seasoned with caustic witticisms about its ignominious collapse at the touch of Napoleon's finger. . . . On the subject of Catholic Action . . . Mussolini said: 'Let everyone remember that the fascist régime, when it begins a war, fights it to a finish and leaves but a desert behind.' After this unequivocal warning, he went on to affirm the ethical character of the State which, he said, is Catholic but also fascist, indeed before all else exclusively and essentially fascist."

Pius XI answered by a letter to Cardinal Gasparri, signed on the feast of the Corpus Christi (May 30, 1929), in which he declared that Mussolini's observations "on the very essence of Christianity and Catholicism were heretical and worse than heretical." All the historical controversy is described in its most minute details by Professor Binchy, who comes to the conclusion that all "arose entirely from the fundamental incompatibility between Christianity and fascism . . . which for all its claims to be Catholic had a conception of the religious factor far more dangerous than the 'indifferentism' of the secularist State which it had overthrown."

Pius XI's letter to Cardinal Gasparri remains one of the basic documents in the history of the reconciliation. Professor Binchy reminds us that the journalist Missiroli (then Mussolini's mouthpiece as later on Gayda was to become) declared that the pontifical letter was "a record of theocratic intransigence." What matters more is that Mussolini never withdrew his thesis that in certain cases Christianity might "probably have perished."

Professor Binchy's book gives new proofs[1] of what I have always felt and—what matters more—heard from eminent Italian prelates: that if Pius XI insisted on a Concordat, of which Benedict XV had never thought, it was because the new Pope had been confronted, in fascism, with "a pagan and pantheistic State."

During the thirteen years of "reconciliation" with the Catholic Church, fascism has made or declared nine wars: against Ethiopia, against Spain, against Albania, against France, against Great Britain, against Belgium, Netherland and Norway, against the United States—a criminal list to which we might add the war against the Jews.

How has all that been possible in a country whose millennial history has never shown anything of the kind? Professor Binchy gives an answer when he writes: "Only Senator Morello[2] has dared to write what many men, including those who share neither his political nor his religious principles, must think in their hearts:

> Is it not indeed a supremely pagan work that fascism is carrying on for the regeneration of the race, the exaltation of the country and the glory of the nation? And the cult of energy, the glorification of power, the apotheosis of physical force; the attitude of pride, defiance, even insolence toward our opponents; finally, the super-Nietzschean spirit that pervades all the rigidly military formations such as the Balilla and the Avanguardisti: do not all these things together represent the most complete contrast to the Church's methods of education as well as to its moral objectives? . . . But one cannot be a Nietzschean and carry a prayer book in one's pocket at the same time. . . . This contradiction must be cleared up, for it is impossible to continue it indefinitely.

"The force of Morello's argument will be admitted, I think, by every impartial observer. The contradiction is there, and no amount of phrase-making by philo-fascist Catholics can explain it away. A movement which claims to be, among many other things, Catholic preaches doctrines in crass opposition to Catholicism."

It is only this spirit, so antithetic to the Italian soul, as long centuries have formed it, that may explain the recently invented fascist anti-Semitism.

In his speech on the Lateran treaties Mussolini had said: "The Jews have been in Rome ever since the time of the Kings; no doubt it was they who supplied the clothes after the rape of the Sabine women. They will stay here undisturbed." How ironical his promise looks today. . . .

On anti-Semitism—as on education, family, national minorities, etc.—Professor Binchy offers us a series of chapters full of dramatic revelations and of the most complete documentation. Apropos of his documentation I might only venture one remark: that it is always perfect when based on official acts and publications, and his scientific honesty is all the more remarkable in that sometimes he seems influenced by old legends against Cavour's Italy; only in a few minor cases —when it is mainly a question of oral traditions— he is not always perfectly informed as when, for example, he says that the conduct of the princely Roman families, the Caetani, the Boncompagni, the Sforza-Cesarini, etc., was "abject" after the fall of Rome in 1870, "when they hastened to

[1] Chapter VIII.

[2] A nationalist and, later on, a violent fascist, of course.

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curry favor with the new ruler." I hope not to look clannish (after all, our two branches have been divided since the fifteenth century) if I state that such was not the case with the Sforza-Cesarini who, like the Caetani, had sided long before 1870 with the adversaries of the temporal power, although remaining most loyal Catholics. But these are small details.

Among the final chapters of Professor Binchy's book I would like to pause at the one on "The Racialist Controversy," since it seems to me worth while to reproduce the entire text of the words Pius XI said as soon as he knew of the suddenly determined anti-Semitic policy of fascism. I reproduce the Pope's words in the form the *Osservatore Romano* of July 17, 1938, gave them.[1] After having said that "the spirit of exaggerated nationalism is contrary to the spirit of the *Credo,* is contrary to the Faith," the Pope added "in the audience granted to the nuns of the Cenacolo on July 15 that he had never thought of the problems with such precision, with such, one might say, absoluteness, with such intransigence of formulas; and since God has given him the grace of this clarity, he wants to share it with his sons, since everybody needs it in times like the present ones when these ideas are attracting so much attention and inflicting so much damage. That very same day they had brought him a very serious piece of news and there could be no longer any doubt that it was a case of real apostasy."

So spoke Pius XI as soon as he heard of the anti-Semitic legislation. He defined it "a case of real apostasy."

May I add—having known the future Pius XI since I was a child, since Monsignor Ratti was a close friend of my father and frequently our guest at our country house—that, out of his love for his native Lombardy, he never spoke, even at the Vatican, with greater voluntary spontaneity than when he was addressing Milanese or Lombards. When he taxed the Fascist Government with "real apostasy," he was speaking to the nuns of the Milanese *Cenacolo,* whose confessor and religious adviser he had been in Milan for more than thirty years.

[1] Not given in Professor Binchy's book.

Holy Ireland

The tapestry that has been her history, and Saint Patrick's place in it.

***By* David Marshall**

THOUSANDS of years ago, in Ireland of the heroes and the mighty men, a child was born of Murna, the daughter of a druid; and the child was Finn the son of Cool the son of Trenmor the son of Suvalt. For short, he was known as Finn the son of Cool, or, as the Irish say, Finn mac Cool; or simply as Finn, for there was never another of that name so long remembered. He was Finn of the Fights, the mightiest in battle-work of all the heroes before Cahoulan. But he was Finn the Beautiful, and Finn the Wise; he had the wisdom of the sea, the earth, and the air—an elemental trinity that has a curious bearing on the story of Holy Ireland.

In prehistoric times, and long afterward, all Irish history was put into poems; for it stood to reason that once a poem was made, flawless in every trippling line, nobody could tamper with it. Every so often, too, the bards were brought together at Tara to be heard and corrected. And so from generation to generation the histories were handed down in "canonized recital," till out of the void of time they have come to us. The story of Finn is only one of a great Fenian cycle. Ages later came the tales of Cahoulan, full of war-chariots and horses. But Finn was a *foot-soldier,* and wherever he went (as Stephens lately pointed out) he walked or he ran; he chased the deer on foot, and on foot he went a-courting. The inference is inescapable: the oldest literature in Europe—even older, it would now seem, than the Greek—the Fenian sagas carry us back through illimitable reaches of time to an age before the horse was known in Ireland.

Modern Irish tradition stems directly from the sagas, and brings down to the present hour a well-connected story—the tales of heroes and fighting men; the gentler tradition of doctors and saints in the golden age of Holy Ireland; and finally the story of interminable war, piling disaster upon disaster through a "night of seven centuries." Continuing the sagas, it becomes itself a kind of saga, full of allegory, prophecy and wild and bitter poetry.

This is not the place to set it forth in all its implications; but to pass over it entirely would be to miss everything in the story of Saint Patrick, who in Ireland won a mighty victory for Christ—against great odds, and at one of the tremendous moments in the history of Christendom.

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European civilization, I may recall, was built above the clash of Teutonic races fighting for the spoils of the Roman Empire. Celts and Germans, Goths and Vandals, Burgundians and Franks, they swept westward from Asia to the Atlantic; and the turmoil and slaughter lasted for centuries. Slaughter and conquest were a way of life; in some places the sole alternative to starvation. They destroyed Rome, though in the end it was Rome that conquered, for all Europe, in greater or less degree, was Romanized. Out of chaos came feudalism and feudal chivalry, the splendid triumph of Europe over Europe's own barbarous past. Trade and industry took the place of battle-work, and westward to the Irish Sea there was no law but Roman law, nor any religion but Roman Christianity, nor any civilization but what was founded on Roman Christianity and Roman law. Within the borders of the old empire, even the Latin tongue prevailed. And then in its own time feudalism corrupted, and the old lines of cleavage between Roman and Teuton were largely renewed in the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth, and the trade wars of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. It was not the Kaisers, but Imperial Caesar who established the Watch on the Rhine.

But under a wet Atlantic sky, Ireland lies with her back upon Europe, and Irish geography explains a great deal of Irish history. Beyond the reach of either, Ireland was never Romanized by the Caesars nor engulfed in Teutonic barbarism. And feudalism was full-grown before the Norman conquerors carried it to Ireland, where it became the instrument of conquest and the basis of a rival civilization. It's the curious fact that the Irish took no part in chivalry and the high romance of the Crusades; but from the beginning of history down to very recent times, Ireland lay clearly and definitely outside the main line of European development.

Yet, in a supreme crisis, it was the Irish who rescued the learning of Rome and restored the Roman civilization of Europe; and out of Ireland Christianity was carried to England and Scotland, and to nearly all of northern Europe. In this protected corner of the earth, at a fateful hour for civilization, there was a native culture, deeply rooted, sturdy, and vigorous—a civilization, says Paul Elmer More, "of rare and passionate beauty."

They were a smallish race, those ancient Irish. (It was an ocean of Viking blood that gave stature to their descendants.) They were of the same primitive and passionate order, as eager-minded and vigorously unruly, as the Judeans at the time of Christ; but hardly more so, it would seem, for the histories indicate that Ireland had an unusual number of aged men, and that's the mark of a comparatively tranquil society. They spoke a Celtic tongue called Gaelic, but they were neither Celts nor Gaels. The Gaels had come to Ireland as conquerors, had imposed their tongue upon the people, had long since disappeared. Speaking Gaelic, the Irish came in time to call themselves Gaels; but more ancient than Gael or Celt, they were of that blue-eyed, black-haired Pictish race that first inhabited Europe, and held it for their own till the successive invasions of Celts and German Gaels from Asia drove them westward to the last westward land. For a century before the fall of Rome, their merchandise was marketed in Italy; and there is some evidence that Irish mills were turned by water-power. Vastly more important are evidences, to be found in the sagas themselves, that the druids, the priesthood of pre-Christian Ireland, were already well advanced along the hard road from magic to philosophy. Among them, at any rate, were many men of quite exceptional refinement, whose high calling it was to turn the light of reason upon the affairs of men.

And so things stood at the first great turning point of Europe's history; when the barbarians were swarming over the mountain-walls into the Mediterranean countries, when Rome's back was breaking, and the lights were going out all over the civilized world. Ireland escaped this agony: and Byzantium resisted it. The light of Byzantium never went out—and hardly ever spread. But the light of Ireland glowed brighter and brighter, and spread itself all over Teutonic Europe, till the dark ages had passed away and the age of Christian chivalry had been ushered in. For three splendid centuries after the collapse of Rome, Ireland was the center of learning and culture of the whole western world.

First there had been a notable influx of refugees, who carried Roman scholarship to Ireland: and so Ireland had become, says Doctor More, "the sacred repository of the learning saved from the classic past." Classic learning of itself, however, is sterile; witness the fate of Byzantium. It came to life in Ireland when it became the servant of a new and wonderful passion that presently swept over the people—and back of this stands the heroic figure of one man, a missionary bishop called Patricius.

* * *

It is one of the ironies of Irish history that he was dismissed as an ignorant fellow by many of the people he had come to Ireland to convert; and he was, indeed, without their systematic training. In a passage of appealing dignity he tells us in his *Confession*: "I am even today ashamed and greatly dread to show my ignorance, because not being learned, I cannot express myself in a few words." But Saint Patrick, unlearned in books, was wise with men. He was a genius, according

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to Stephen Gwynn, and, according to Francis Hackett, "a massive personality . . . a tremendous figure in the history of the North." Before him other Christian missionaries had failed in Ireland, but though it took him over sixty years to do it, he Christianized a majority of the people and transformed the whole life of the nation. His triumph was one of the dramatic things of all history; and from the coming of Saint Patrick in the fifth century after Christ, the golden age of Irish history is to be dated.

Outwardly, things remained much as they had been from time immemorial. There was a final struggle, and under the condemnation of Saint Aedan, Tara withered and fell. Tara, the Irish capital, had become the last center of resistance to Christianity—and it was not the alien conqueror, but the Irish saints who destroyed it. But Tara was only a symbol, anyhow, and the realities of Irish government remained. The clan system had never been uprooted, as in Romanized Britain or Gaul, to make way for the state system. The Irish common law continued in force where the Roman legions had never set foot; and the power to make statutes remained vested in the clans, who came together for that purpose, men and women alike, at "gatherings on hills." As often as not, absolute political power was in the hands of masterful women. And all these fundamental things, I say, remained; outwardly none was altered through the coming of Christianity.

But inwardly a very curious change occurred. In the ancient sagas and folk-tales of the people, new and mystical meanings were discovered, which appeared to connect them as of all time with the true religion. In the Bible folk, the Irish recognized a people of habits and life much like their own; and between their new Christianity and their old paganism, there were haunting, sometimes startling, resemblances. As if foreshadowing the doctrine of the Trinity, the more cultivated druids had long taught the eternity, supremacy, and benevolence of a triumvirate of gods, the Spirit of the Sea, the Spirit of the Earth, and the Spirit of the Air, whose gifts to men were life, harvests and knowledge. Much more obvious, perhaps, was the similarity between the Christian Heaven which is "of little children," and the Irish pagan paradise of Tir-na-n'Og, "Land of the Ever-Young." Presently, though the same tale continued to be told, Christ or the Virgin Mary had somehow become the hero of it. Ancient customs and festivals were likewise lighted up and inwardly transformed by the new revelation, their former symbolism forgot; and a whole mythology was shifted to a new base and gradually lost in the most wonderful preoccupation with Christianity in the history of any nation. Every flower, every animal, became known for its part in the Sacred Passion. "Spare the beetle!" was the word; for the lowly beetle, these ancient folk averred, threw the soldiers off the track when they went to seize the Lord. The robin's breast is bloody; for the robin embraced his God upon the cross. And the harrowing cry of the curlew is the wailing of a lost soul forever wandering over the waste places of the earth; for the curlew mocked at Calvary. When Peter had thrice denied his Lord, the outraged cock protested; and now, at the break of day forever, continues his trumpet-call of "Mac an Oiyer slaun!"—"The Son of the Virgin is safe!" In short, a pagan culture was not rejected and destroyed, but both people and culture were together Christianized; and the process continued till Christianity and age-old Irishism were fused. Tradition has it that only one Irishman has ever failed of salvation—and the devil has had a very hard life with him. Like the Irish themselves, Irish Christianity is shot through with gaiety and wit; and in all their history, the Irish have never burned a witch or slain a heretic.

It was the triumph of Saint Patrick that he thus completely turned the furious energy of the Irish from war to religion. Monasteries and colleges appeared all over the land. The economic life of the people was better organized against their periodic decimation by famine; and thus, too, a principal function of the warrior—raiding for food in times of hunger—was got rid of. Little by little the institution of slavery dissolved and fell away; and before a century had passed, Ireland was the most active missionary country in the history of Christianity.

As the apologists of Anglo-Catholicism are very careful to point out, it was the Irish monks who Christianized all but the very south of England; and the present-day Church of England is the daughter-church, they argue, not of the Roman Church but of the ancient Church of Ireland. Saint Columba launched the mission to Britain. Saint Columbanus and Saint Gall carried the Gospel to the more remote valleys of Burgundy and Switzerland. And the calendar of every nation of Nordic Europe is full of the names of these Irish missionaries, who laid the foundations of civilization in the Scandinavian countries, too, and in Germany, Austria, Poland, Lithuania and Finland. They were intrepid men, going among the barbarians of the earth and building their monasteries often above the ruins of cities which the blood-fury of an earlier generation had blotted out. Yet they were gentle-minded men, capable of fine thoughts and beautiful writing. Vivid and startling was the formula they used when challenged on the mission field: "We have come to set up a boundary against night."

For three centuries Ireland continued to pour forth missionaries; and no other land, says Mrs. Green, "ever sent out such impassioned teachers."

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Charlemagne placed them at the head of all the principal schools of his new empire; and they interlaid the rising structure of feudalism with respect for the weak, and carried the democratic tradition of the ancient world unbroken through the age of baronial power. When Greek and Hebrew learning had been almost lost in Rome itself, it was these churchmen from the very edge of the world who re-introduced it.

And how they stood up to the Pope himself! "I was only praising God," the great Saint Gregory apologized, "that such little men can carry so much learning.

Why Ignore Canada?

By JOHN S. CONNOLLEY

I WISH Dr. Gallup would ask representative Americans a few simple questions about Canada. He might ask, for example, approximately how many people live there, what language or languages they speak, how they are governed and whether their goodwill matters much to the United States.

My guess is that fifty percent of the answers would be "don't know," while a large part of the remainder would be so fantastic as to make Canadians split their sides with laughter, albeit regretfully. American ignorance of Canada is nothing new to us. We have seen American tourists, with all the appropriate paraphernalia, arrive up here to ski in the broiling heat of August. We have heard them express surprise that we speak English so well. We have been asked whether we know Jones in Vancouver or Smith in Halifax as though these cities were neighboring villages whose populations would of course be known to everyone in our little country. Only the other day a Chicago businessman, writing to a firm in Ottawa, began his letter with: "Since we are now at war and you are not . . ."

Why ignorance?

Why this ignorance? I think it is because until recently no American author, journalist or teacher ever bothered to discover us and, in spite of a certain amount of publicity since the war, because we still remain undiscovered by the bulk of the United States population. We just don't seem to be worth discovering. We are a peace-loving people. We don't have any interesting revolutions, and we don't go to war unless the issues at stake demand it. We are considered so inoffensive that America doesn't bother erecting fortifications anywhere along the three thousand mile Canadian border. Economically we are to a considerable extent at the mercy of Wall Street. We have very little tradition outside of the Province of Quebec. Our literature and art are only in the initial stages of development, although let it be understood that we are justly proud of what we have turned out in these initial stages. Nor do we originate fashion styles. We are just a harmless, inferior neighbor, living where hunting and fishing are good. Why should Americans bother to learn about us?

A reflection of this attitude is manifest in the general editorial treatment of things Canadian by United States newspapers and magazines. The weekly *Time*, in its issue following the entry of the United States into the war, made a point of describing the reactions of "the neighbors" to the Japanese attack on American territory. They seemed to be all there—Mexico, Brazil, Guatemala, and all the rest, but there was no mention of Canada among "the neighbors." Nor was there any mention of Canada having declared war on Japan *ahead* of *both England and the United States*. *Time* did, however, devote a few lines to a decision by the Supreme Court of Canada which "tossed another handful of earth into the unfilled grave of Alberta's Social Credit experiment." One cannot, of course, by any stretch of imagination consider *Time* as a representative American magazine. Nevertheless, except when Ontario Premier Hepburn goes on a Huey Long rampage, or there is an opportunity to call Quebec fascist, or some other sensational development of questionable importance occurs on our side of the border, almost all American publications show a tendency to ignore Canada.

You cannot blame us if we feel somewhat hurt by this indifference. We read, with the exception of our daily press, more American publications than we do Canadian. Many Canadians are as conversant with United States domestic and foreign issues as they are with their own. This knowledge of American affairs makes us most sympathetic to our great southern neighbor. But it really is a blow to our national pride that Americans know practically nothing about us.

We are of the opinion that, although a young nation not yet wholly developed, we have accomplished enough in our short history and give promise of accomplishing enough when we reach maturity to merit a certain amount of interest from intelligent Americans. Look at what we did with a population of ten million people during the last war. Look at what with a population of twelve million we are doing in this war. Our war effort to date is impressive. Our 360,000 men enlisted for service anywhere, and this does not include more than 160,000 in reserve for Home Defense, would be equivalent in terms of American population to 4,000,000 in the United States armed forces.* If the people of the United

*A monthly summary of Canada's war effort entitled "Canada at War" may be obtained free upon request from the Director of Public Information, Ottawa, Canada.

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States but knew what Canada, with its small population and limited resources, is doing in this war, how great is its contribution to the defense of this continent—and thereby to the defense of America—they would be amazed and, what is more, I think they would be grateful to their hitherto much-ignored neighbor.

No sudden change

But we do not expect any sudden change in American interest or lack of interest in Canada. Now the United States has her own boys in the war, and attention will quite naturally center around the great and glorious war effort of America. That splendid, if sometimes rather galling to outsiders, egotism of Uncle Sam is again to the forefront. The war only really began on December 7, 1941. The war is between Germany, Italy and Japan on the one side and the United States of America on the other. The efforts of her allies, while helpful of course, are merely secondary. America will win this war just as she won the last. This attitude is quite all right with us. This strange conceit would seem to be her strength; and maybe it isn't either strange or conceit at all. In any case, the United States is much too busy with her own war effort to bother about us now. And, fortunately, we are not like some of the other nations in this hemisphere who require gentle but persistent wooing to the cause of freedom; so we are out of the news on that score too. So be it.

A request

There is one thing, however, we do ask of Americans and, in particular, of American editors. We ask for fair play when Canada is mentioned. We do not mind quips about our backwardness or whatever our faults may be, but we do not like to have the murder of some Esquimaux up north portrayed as the greatest event to take place in Canada in months. We don't like to be thought of just as a country in which to fish and hunt, a country famous primarily in that it has the only quintuplets in the world. Just as we refrained recently from devoting the headlines of our newspapers to the one dissenting vote in the United States declaration of war on Japan, since we knew that the real story was one of a declaration of war by a unanimous nation, so would we like to see what news is published about our country appear in its true perspective.

If Canada's goodwill is of any value to the United States, and I think it is of considerable value and will be of even greater value as time goes on, doesn't it stand to reason that Americans should strive to keep and to increase this goodwill? They can best do so by acquiring an elementary knowledge of what Canada is and what she stands for.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IS THE sudden reappearance of "Technocracy," a really significant "sign of the times," or merely another outburst of eccentricity on the part of a small clique or school of "advanced thinkers," who have thought themselves into a position impossibly isolated from that of their fellow Americans, from which position they are now advocating a program of action upon the government which is quite the most radically complete plan of totalitarian control so far advocated by any group other than the communists, or by small groups, or individuals, favoring the adoption in this country of the nazi or fascist type of organization? The ironical flavor in the appeal publicly issued by "Technocracy, Incorporated," a full page advertisement in the New York *Times* of March 8, "paid for by donations of Technocrats," is that its totalitarian program is advanced as a necessary course, in the opinion of the Technocrats, in combating fascism. It announces in big type that "America must liquidate its pro-fascists at home before it can defeat its fascist enemies abroad." The advertisement is sent out from the "continental headquarters," in New York. The organization has spread its "sections from coast to coast."

It probably will only be vaguely remembered by most of us that "Technocracy" first burst upon public attention a few years ago, its sensational and widespread publicity mostly centering around the person and utterances of Mr. Howard Scott, and as suddenly disappeared from at least the limelight of public attention. But apparently it did not fizzle out completely. On the contrary, its original ideas and proposals, to judge by the summary of its present position, have matured, at least from the theoretical point of view, as would seem to be indicated by its nation-wide organization and its ability to command funds for such expensive publicity stunts as full-page advertisements in metropolitan newspapers, the publication of a magazine and much other literature expounding its views.

"Total Conscription" by the national government should be decreed, or adopted—the statement is vague upon which method it would prefer—declare the Technocrats, because "the conflict of world events compels the United States to install immediately the designed direction of total war or face disaster."

That "total conscription" is not a mere phrase intended to express some vague rallying of the national resources, some voluntary moral unification, in which labor and capital, politicians of various parties, pressure groups (other than the Technocrats, presumably) shall cease forthwith to contend with each other, and among themselves, is made very plain in the long and comprehensive list of major national interests and institutions which the Technocrats demand shall be placed under the sole jurisdiction of the central government. That list is too long to reproduce in this column; but even a small selection will indicate its scope. All men and women over eighteen

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years must be conscripted "for all necessary military and civil duties"; all "national corporate wealth and its attendant institutions, such as banks, trusts and insurance companies; all transportation facilities, including their operating personnel; all radio, telephone and telegraph systems; all public utilities and power-producing and transmissions systems; all manufacturing industries, mines, import and export corporations, etc."

But that's merely a start, for all states and cities and counties and townships, in their most essential powers, that of collecting and dispensing funds, shall also be conscripted, the central government to assume all financial obligations and arrogating to itself the sole power of levying taxes. Moreover, not only shall state, county and municipal divisions be done away with in the fundamental matter of financial responsibility and powers, but also the central government, "as a measure of national safety and national welfare shall abolish all foreign language periodical publications, foreign language advertising, and foreign language radio programs for American consumption"; together with "all foreign language and hyphenated American organizations, associations and fraternal societies, regardless of whether they have been formed to promote political, commercial, cultural, educational, linguistic, artistic or other relationships." Under "other relationships," logically, we must presume, would come religious organizations among foreign-born citizens, or aliens, or of citizens of foreign descent, no matter how remote.

All power, once assembled, will then remain in the hands of a unified command, with two great general staffs: one controlling all military and naval and air operations; the other comprising all industries under a technological command; with "the constitutional commander-in-chief," presumably the President, though that title is not used, in supreme control.

If this is not "national socialism" in substance, just what is it?

The Stage & Screen

No Time for Producers

NO ONE will contest that this has been an unusually disappointing, not to say disastrous, season in the theater. Of the thirty-odd openings since Pearl Harbor, only seven are now current, and producers are desperately asking themselves what sort of entertainment will appeal to a nation at war. Does the public want to escape from the war into farce and musicals? Or do its overwrought nerves demand the impact of melodrama? Is this a time for comedy or a time for tragedy?

Let's examine the record. Of the above-mentioned seven, two are smash hits: "Banjo Eyes," a lavish, routine musical built around Eddie Cantor, and the rich revival of George Gershwin's folk opera, "Porgy and Bess." Most successful of the non-musicals is "Café Crown," an engaging farce-comedy about Jewish café society. "Jason," which the public appears to enjoy more than the critics did, is a problem comedy about a dramatic critic. "Guest in the House" is a melodramatic study of a pathological adolescent. "Of 'V' We Sing" is an intimate topical revue. The seventh item is the Boston Comic Opera Company's repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals.

The obvious inference from this list is that war-time audiences appear to favor exactly the same sort of entertainment that peace-time audiences favored.

What about the public's disfavor?

The quickest failures have been the farces: "Johnny on a Spot," "They Should Have Stood in Bed," "Pie in the Sky," "All in Favor." None of these was of much merit, but possibly one or two might have found an audience in other times. In so quickly rejecting them, the public demonstrated that what it wants is not simply to escape reality. Further instance of this was the quick failure of Ben Hecht's fantasy, "Lily of the Valley." The stark naturalism of "Brooklyn, U. S. A." was preferred to the tender whimsy of John Van Druten's "Solitaire," and of two very similar comedies, "The First Crocus" and "Papa Is All," the broader—the latter—was preferred.

Here, surely, emerges a trend. And yet Clifford Odets's "Clash By Night" found disfavor precisely because it failed to rise above realism, while Noel Coward's frothy "Blithe Spirit" extended its spectacular success. "The Rivals" outran "Hedda Gabler."

What about war plays? Five openings; five closings. The best of them was "Letters to Lucerne," despite its contrived solution. But it was felt that the authors' approach to the war—through its impact upon the cosmopolitan personnel of a girls' finishing school in Switzerland—was too oblique. In "Golden Wings" and "Heart of a City," the character-relationships were too banal to compete with the sound effects; and "Plan M" couldn't persuade its audiences to swallow its fabulous plot. Strictly, "In Time to Come" was a play about the last, not the present war, or rather about the untenable peace that coupled the two wars. Despite its timely eloquence, its literary aura estranged the public. Not a single war play is currently showing in New York.

What is the puzzled producer to gather from all this? Here are the statistics that confront him: As of March 10, 66 shows had opened this season, as against 60 a year ago. Twenty shows were current (including holdovers), as against 24 last season. Box office volume, however, has run slightly ahead of last season. Has the public, then, become more discriminating? Not necessarily. But it has become noticeably more demanding. Whether by laughter or tears, it hopes, when it enters a theater, to be totally possessed for two consecutive hours by something other than its private preoccupations. It will not forgive the author who by lack of craft momentarily forfeits its attention.

Comedy? Tragedy? Farce? Melodrama? Music? A little of each, please, is the war-public's answer, provided that you take us in.

* * *

In celebration of its twenty-four hundredth anniversary,

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Aeschylus' "The Eumenides" will be presented in the original Greek at the Fordham University Theater on the evenings of March 26, 27, 28 and 29. The sponsors feel "The Eumenides" to be especially pertinent to these times, carrying as it does a message of victory and hope for man, unique in classical tragedy. Richard T. Burgi and Robert T. Stewart are the leading student artists participating in the three-year program of classical drama which has already produced the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, the "Pot of Gold" of Plautus, the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Molière and the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles. DAVID BURNHAM.

Patriots Without Uniforms

"*THE REMARKABLE ANDREW*" is a remarkable picture—one of those little films made on a low budget for adult minds that like an amusing movie but are tired of pap. Dalton Trumbo wrote the good-humored script from his own novel, so we presume he approves of the changes. Its fanciful, jovial story is about a meticulously honest, rather ordinary young bookkeeper whose most extraordinary and distinguishing feature is his adoration of Andrew Jackson. Now, our modern young Andy discovers in taking inventory at the City Hall that the books don't balance and his bosses are political crooks. When Andy threatens to expose them, he is suspended. That night, feeling very unhappy about the turn of events, Andy is visited by Andrew Jackson, himself, who agrees to help him. But in the following days the townsfolk of Shale City think their good friend Andy is a bit coo-coo from overwork because he always seems to be talking to himself. They, of course, cannot see the ghost of Jackson. When poor Andy is jailed by his dishonest superiors, Jackson calls in Jefferson, Washington, Franklin and some other venerable historic personages who go to work on Andy's case. At his trial Andy gives a little speech on democracy that's a honey. How he actually gets himself out of his difficulties you must see this film to learn. I'm always sorry that in pictures like this one and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" the plot depends on a trick in the finale to prove that our hero is right and democracy does work. Stuart Heisler has directed the picture with effective simplicity by avoiding the elaborate pitfalls into which such a patriotic fantasy could stumble. William Holden does an excellent job in portraying the sincere and likable hero. And Brian Donlevy, with gusto and warmth, portrays the ghost of Jackson as more than just a shade of our democratic seventh president. "The Remarkable Andrew" is a moving, up-to-date fantasy with some sensible words on democratic institutions welcome in times when we are likely to forget the real issues.

We are probably in for a lot of patriotic feature films these days, and it's only right that we should be. Let us hope that most of them will follow this week's samples. "*Joe Smith, American*" does an effective job with the positive side of patriotism without even suggesting hate and "Beast of Berlin" kind of propaganda. Based on Paul Gallico's short story, this hour-long film tells a simple but exciting story of another plain American who had the guts to withstand a brutal attack on his person and to keep his head so he could lead the authorities back to the lair of the enemy agents. Because he is installing Army bombsights, Smith is captured by men who torture him to get the secrets of his work. Perhaps these torture scenes are more brutally explicit than they need be. During the cruel mauling, Joe tries to divert his mind by recalling intimate home scenes of his wife and child. And perhaps the fancy detective work in which Joe directs the police back to his tormentors is a bit too astute for one who has just suffered such horrors. But good performances, especially that of Robert Young, make the film convincing.

Allen Rivkin's concise script has suspense and punch. Richard Thorpe's good direction includes numerous details and minor touches worthy of many a longer and more pretentious picture.

The English send us an interesting propaganda piece in which Canadians are the patriots. "*The Invaders*" is on the surface a thrilling chase film in which, instead of the hero's being dogged and hunted out, it is the villains (six of 'em) who are pursued. But the plot is only an episodic framework to prove that Canadians, of no matter what descent or walk of life, are just as brave, loyal and manly as any democracy would want its people to be. Michael Powell has produced and directed his picture well, but in spite of his efforts and those of the spectacular cast, the script still gives the impression of being a fancy worded version of the "Ten Little Indians" rhyme. Way up north, in the Hudson Bay country, six nazi soldiers are dumped off the U-39 to forage for supplies. Then their submarine is destroyed by a Canadian bomber. The six men attack The Factor and a French-Canadian trapper (Laurence Olivier) who laughs at their naziism and new order. In escaping from Hudson Bay in a plane, one nazi is shot by an Eskimo. Then there were five. The plane crashes. Then there were four. They are befriended by a Hutterite Community. One of the nazis wants to join this peace-loving, truly democratic, religious group. Among the scenic splendors at Banff, the three remaining nazis mingle with crowds at a pageant. But the Mounties are on their trail—and the Mounties always get . . . Then there were two. These two stumble on an author (Leslie Howard) who is writing a book on Indians amidst the majestic Canadian Rockies. The nazis think he is an effete, decadent, cowardly democrat. He teaches one of them that they are wrong, after they burn his Picasso, Matisse, his manuscript and a copy of "The Magic Mountain." The last nazi falls into the clutches of a Canadian soldier (Raymond Massey) whose pants he tried to steal. The illustrious stars of this film hardly have a chance in their short scenes to go in for outstanding histrionics. If any of the actors should receive honorable mention, it is those who portray the hard, cruel, domineering nazis, especially Eric Portman as their leader, and Niall MacGinnis as the young man who tries to leave the party. While "The Invaders" doesn't exactly prove the coming victory of the democratic way, it does illustrate that a movie can be surfeited with propaganda and still be an exciting thriller.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Books of the Week

The Leaven and the Loaf

Dearly Beloved. Harry Sylvester. Duell. $2.50.

INEVITABLY Harry Sylvester's first novel will produce violent reactions. It would be impossible to write the sort of book he has written without deeply offending some, greatly pleasing others. For if "Dearly Beloved" is anything, it is a reflection of humanity and of life, as they are in this world, and that picture has never been a pretty picture. It deals with a specific countryside, in which live or have lived specific, known people. Its theme is one which deeply stirs American passions. Add to this that the author himself feels and thinks deeply, violently, and you have the perfect recipe for a book to shatter the idyll of each man's escape. Readers who have no stomach for strong food had best keep to their porridge.

A writer who is really concerned with truth, whose purpose is to blast through the reader's complacency rather than flatter it, cannot help holding the mirror up to life. Of course it is a strange mirror, this mirror of the arts, a mirror different from any physical glass or polished steel, for in reflecting, it transmutes according to no fixed rule, changes, distorts. That is why the rigid moralist has a semblance of justification for his plea that the artist is, by nature, a liar. But it is only a semblance, a trap to catch the unwary. The artist is always and properly two things at once: creator and reflector. The greater his devotion to integral truth, the more acute will be the tension between his two functions; the closer he comes to reflecting life in all its mystery, the more what he writes will be called a calumny. He may use much guile and ingenuity to conceal his living raw material, and in some cases he can do this more readily than in others. But there is no more absurd convention than that which calls for prefatory disclaimers: "any resemblance of my story to real life is accidental . . ." Accidental, indeed! It is of the essence.

"Dearly Beloved" takes place in Saint Mary's County, Maryland, the only region in the United States where Catholicism has the same long-established cultural dominance as has Protestantism elsewhere. The story is anchored in time and space, as every good story must be, and, since it deals with the problem of evil, it is bound to give personal hurt within the narrow circle of those who intimately know its setting. But it must be judged in a far wider frame of reference. The right questions to ask are not, "Who is Father Kane? Who is Father Bartlett? Who is George Blair?" but rather, "Do these characters live and suffer in a real world. Are they justly drawn, as Jesuits, as laymen, as sinners? Is the book a serious novel, or an anodyne?"

"Dearly Beloved" at base is concerned with one of the most profound of human problems—the disparity between the Church as Spouse of Christ, as custodian of truth and justice on earth, and the Church as an association of real men—sinners, temporizers, workers of injustice. This tension—the typically Christian tension—of man dearly eager for redemption, yet ever refusing the price of redemption, the tension between the leaven and the loaf, inevitably will preoccupy sensitive minds in a day when few such deny the beauty of the Christian ideal and few such are blind to human failure in accepting it. The symbol of this tension in "Dearly Beloved" is the injustice, the inhumanity, the cruelty produced by white men in

Book Publishers Recommend for Lenten Reading

CATHOLIC SEX MORALITY. By Dr. Rudolph Geis. Translated by Charles Bruehl, Ph.D. Sex Ethics is one of the most important and keenly debated problems of the present day. Dr. Geis shows that Catholic ethics alone—that is, an ethics that rests on a truly religious basis—can protect and preserve from the aberrations of the sex instinct. (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., 53 Park Place, N. Y. C.) $1.25

SEX INSTRUCTIONS. By James J. Walsh, M.D. "The author sets forth the proper Catholic viewpoint and the correct manner of teaching children facts about sex. He shows that modern radical teaching has proved a dismal failure, and counsels a return to the Church's principles. The book will be of inestimable value to parents and educators."—*Catholic School Journal.* (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., 53 Park Place, N. Y. C.) $1.25

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Whitford-Klein version. Padraic Colum writes, "This version speaks to us; there is a voice in it. The sentences are beautifully clear and beautifully shaped. In going back to the first English version, Dr. Klein has given it to us in the English that is most fitting." (Harper) $3.00

SAINTS AT PRAYER. By Raymond E. F. Larsson. No book known in English so inclusively traces the history of prayer since the birth of Jesus Christ as this compilation of the finest extant prayers written by the Saints or recorded by their own followers. (Coward-McCann) $2.50

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their treatment of Negroes, and the impact of this upon individual souls, pushing them to lack of charity in the name of righteousness, to deep disquiets, to the edge of a denial of the very ideal they see violated.

The book has great merits, the greatest perhaps being its humanity. Even Father Cornish, the mediocre, the repellant, is a man who suffers, not a caricature embodiment of an author's spite. He arouses the author's and the reader's pity even more than their scorn—no mean achievement. Father Kane is as fine a specimen of saintly priesthood, capable of weariness in flesh and spirit, capable of sin, yet heroic, and growing in his heroism, as any in recent literature. Cosgrave, the principal character, embodies the devastating effect of a discovery of evil and its hierarchy upon a sadly confused young product of our American civilization. Even Jane, who could easily have served as a mere occasion for sin, lives and breathes and is a woman, not a frail. In itself, all that is an achievement of most unusual quality. There are others—fine integration of character and action, neat writing sometimes exquisite in its truth.

The book also has faults. Its tempo seems to me too unvaried, too close to melodrama, too intense. (You won't put it down till you have finished it, but when you have, you will be a trifle breathless.) Occasionally there is a sign of haste, an awkward repetition. And at least one passage comes perilously close to malicious gossip: the Archbishop's arraignment of a Jesuit magazine. But these are faults of the book's virtues—its honesty, its depth, its passion, its passionate love of people and ready hatred of injustice.

"Dearly Beloved" is the first American Catholic novel I have read which can be compared to the books of Graham Greene or Georges Bernanos or François Mauriac. It recognizes the stature of the devil, the profound meaning of original sin.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

BIOGRAPHY

Paddy the Cope. An Autobiography by Patrick Gallagher. Devin Adair. $2.50.

I READ this book first in its English edition. Very few modern book can stand re-reading. This book is one of the few. It is worth reading if only for the Irish-English of it. Its wee, old words like the rutty roads of the townland of Templecrone bring you from one homespun thought to another until at the end you feel you have been living with them all a long time.

But more than the telling, what is told is good. It is the story of a people, poor and plentiful and very proud, who overcame penury and what is worse fear, and overcame them by faith in one another and in the cooperative economy. I don't know if it is the first human book on Cooperatives, but surely it makes the science of Cooperatives easy learning. Paddy Gallagher who introduced the Cooperative Movement into that bleak Donegal countryside and was soon nicknamed Paddy the Cope is a character and he is the story, the good old story of how an institution grew out of a man.

Capitalism and Communism, New Deals and Cooperative States, we have been more concerned about them than they are worth, perhaps. A man with a wife and child has little room in any of them, and the great majority are very little helped at all. George Russell, dear good friend of Ireland and all home-making men, said: "We have an instinct that people are never really helped except when they are engaged in helping themselves, and those who can bring hope and the impulse of self-help are the best reformers of any." In that homely truth there is vision and a vocation. Maybe after all the battles have been won and the war lost for everyone, we may have had the answer all the time seeded in the Cooperatives. It would not be the first time in man's history that fishermen and farmers like Paddy the Cope and Father Jimmy Tompkins renewed the face of the scorched earth; they are the Galileans who always bring faith and freedom from their rocklands and the sea. You will be glad to meet Paddy the Cope, everyone was; the shrewd realist who when his dream come true and full, and plenty was in the barns and byres of the countryside, observed, "at the same time, thank God, people are discontented." Browning put singing words on that but no more truth.

Wherever young men go, put this book in their way for it will give them the heart to have faith in themselves.

JOHN MONAGHAN.

Return to the Future. Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $2.50.

LIKE Hilaire Belloc's impressive and delightful "Cruise of the Nona," which was the chronicle of a passage over English waters, conjoined with an excursion through the author's massive yet delicately poised mind, the present volume has a double aspect: one aspect is the author's forced march from Norway during the nazi occupation, the other is constituted by Madame Undset's careful, but not too impressive or delightful, reflections upon the origin, present status and likely future of democracy as a driving force and as an idea to live by.

Since Sigrid Undset landed upon American shores some two years ago, she has quite thoroughly familiarized us with the circumstances of the German encroachment upon the anciently independent land of the Norwegians, the valiant opposition thereto on the part of the small Norwegian army and its British allies, the death in action of her own son and the tragic abandonment by herself of her beloved country as a prelude to reaching the safety of America by way of Sweden, Russia and Japan. "Return to the Future" is a restatement and an elaboration of this minor epic, and as such it contributes emphasis to our notions of Scandinavian fear and traditional disparity in regard to German *Kultur;* the details of the author's observations, by their cumulative force and unquestioned validity, impress upon us, who are liable to forget, the permanence of her people's enmity towards the Teutonic juggernaut.

It is enlightening to read Madame Undset's dispassionate record of the impoverishment—material and religious—of the Russian people. In all of Moscow she saw scarcely a pair of boots, never a smile, and the utmost tawdriness in the hotels and public buildings. It very nearly nauseates the reader to scan the author's encyclopedic cataloguing of fetid stenches wherever she went; stenches that were fitting accompaniment to the squalor, the drabness, the frightful crowding in a city whose housing fell far short of the swift expansion of population. The one bright spot, it seems, was the Russian predilection for flowers, flowers and even more flowers. Madame Undset cannot forbear to express her delight in the cleanliness and good order of Japan; at times "Return to the Future" reads more like the report of a Scandinavian medical mission than the Odyssey of a monumental personality uprooted from the beloved land of her forefathers.

There is little need to dwell upon the author's lengthy and unoriginal treatise on the virtues and weaknesses of

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democracy. It has all been said in a thousand books, as should be, and it here deviates from the usual pattern only in respect of its special consideration of democracy as the only possible working system in a country as poor, as unpopulous and industrious as Norway. "Return to the Future" serves the excellent function of a monument, revealing little that is novel, but crystallizing and commemorating a great and powerful idea well known.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

FICTION

Josephus and the Emperor. Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.75.

THIS is the last in a trilogy of historical novels dealing with the Dispersion of the Jews after the fall of the Holy City in the year 70 A.D., and unified by the not unsympathetic figure of the historian of "The Jewish War." "Josephus," the first of the three books, had to do with the frightful siege of Jerusalem, and the equivocal position of the young historian, torn between the conflicting feelings of racial loyalty and a nuance of fear and admiration for the inevitable Roman victor. In the second novel, "The Jew at Rome," we see Josephus living in the eternal city, half favorite, half butt to the Emperor Titus, and thoroughly detested by the Zealots among his own people for having gone over to the enemy. The present volume deals with the close of his life under the brother of the amiable Titus, the neurotic and suspicious Domitian, who gets a better press from Mr. Feuchtwanger than he has from most of his chroniclers.

Josephus was, apparently, one of those sensitive, intellectual Jews of the First Century, occasionally glimpsed, one fancies, in the pages of the Gospel, who, being children of two cultures—their own and the Greek—exist throughout in a homeless land of false positions. As such, he is, naturally, a good subject for a thoroughgoing historical novelist like Mr. Feuchtwanger who knows his first century at Rome, or in Palestine, as well as the next man, and, no doubt, better. "Josephus and the Emperor" is devoid of racial propaganda in which it marks an improvement on "The Nazarene" of Sholom Asch, where Jerusalem in 30 A.D. bore a somewhat unreal resemblance to Berlin in 1939. But also it is a book concerned somewhat tediously with remote political intrigues, with not a trace of the biblical poetry associated with First Century Palestine, a poetry which even George Moore occasionally revealed in his otherwise infelicitous "Brook Kerith."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Beyond This Shore. Princess Paul Sapieha. Lippincott. $2.50.

IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION timeliness may be a lightning rod which deflects the swift shafts of criticism from striking the novel as a work of art. It would be difficult to find a more timely novel than "Beyond This Shore." An American girl marries a Polish diplomat; she is on the spot when Austria crumbles, when Poland falls. The tense moments before the collapse and the catastrophe itself are unforgettably etched by an eyewitness. But the book is much more than a timely novel. Its dramatic center is the conflict between two views of life represented by Nina, the American wife, and Stash Bronski, the Polish husband. The implications of this conflict carry a substance and wisdom unusual in a novel which moves so swiftly and is managed so deftly.

The author, however, seems to have created for herself a difficulty which she cannot solve. The Polish culture,

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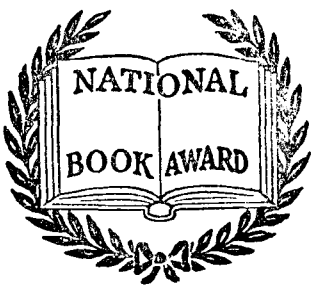

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essentially Catholic, deep-rooted in faith, disciplined and self-sacrificing, is so portrayed as to show up the American way of life as shallow and self-indulgent. Nina's inability to adjust herself to her husband's values is contrived, however, in such as way as to require the reader's sympathy; yet the rest of the book itself precludes the possibility of granting it. Except for this failure in integration, the story succeeds remarkably for a first novel, and competently by any standard.

The author, Virgilia Peterson, an American woman, is well equipped to write this particular book. Several years ago she married Prince Paul Sapieha and went with him to live in Poland.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

TRAVEL

The Sea of Cortez. John Steinbeck and E. F. Ricketts. Viking. $5.00.

WHEN A BOOK is written by one very well known writer and another who is relatively obscure, one would expect the former to have contributed the brains and the latter the routine work. Steinbeck and Ricketts probably had no such division of labor. All through the book one sees Ricketts, the ultra romanticist who masquerades as a zoologist, stalking imaginatively among brine pool creatures, but thinking mostly of the far horizon where the panorama of life is more vague in its realism and more alluring in its romance. At his side is an able and wholly sympathetic soul, Steinbeck. So they look at the fish they have caught, and lament, not the size of the fish, but the sexual impotence of the non-robust brow-beaten type of zoologist or the intellectual indigence of the Hearst family.

They sailed the lonely Gulf of California (Sea of Cortez), but were not lonely among the crabs, mestizos and cormorants. Their minds were able and occupied. They saw in the reefs about them zoological high adventure and their chests heaved in its glory, and with the same simplicity that makes pioneer day habiliments and an old Monterey wall cause one to strut joyfully about in a paretic-like daze of grandeur. But, and this is the trouble, the spirit of high adventure is not given to the reader at all well.

The reason for their failure is simple. They are still in the stage, commonly encountered among college adolescents, in which there seems to be an unconscious effort to hide their finer sensibilities and romantic outlook by loud declamations that are crass, vulgar and obscene. Steinbeck and Ricketts are eminently successful in the camouflage, so far as idle and casual reading is concerned.

Like all romanticists who try to be realists, and maybe others as well, they are very inconsistent. They cannot view procreation in the salt marsh without lamenting that man does not copulate with the barnyard abandon of Gallus. They want us to be natural about such things. Yet when we are natural in another manner and go about slaughtering each other with feline cruelty they shed tears because we are such fools.

The long appendix and expensive illustrations are preposterous. Granting that they have zoological value, what are they doing in the book, especially when there is a paper shortage? The appendix will mean nothing to the culture club addict that really should read the first part; the first part would not be understood by the zoologists.

Even though the book is mostly incongruity and failure there are spots in which a deep insight into the human spirit is evidenced. Their expression has a beauty and simplicity, almost the touching quality of Burns. For instance, "It seems good to mark and to remember for a little while the place where a man died. This is his one whole lonely act in all his life. In every other thing, even in his birth, he is bound close to others, but the moment of his dying is his own." And again, "From a few feet away the cross seemed to flicker unsubstantially with a small yellow light, seemed to be almost a memory while we saw it. And the man who tried to get home and crawled this far—we never knew his name but he stays in our memory too, for some reason—a supra-personal being, a slow, painful symbol and a pattern of his whole species which tries always from generation to generation, man and woman, which struggles always to get home but never quite makes it."

J. MC A. KATER.

Places. Hilaire Belloc. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

IN ONE of these essays Mr. Belloc remarks on how the ancients failed to depict landscape; he, also, frequently neglects to portray the physical aspects of the places of which he writes because he is concerned with being rather than with appearance. This is fortunate, for any writer on travel, any photographer, can record the contour of mountains and harbors and cities, but what those mountains have meant to generations of warriors, what those harbors may mean as sea bases in the future, why those cities have risen and fallen and risen again, now dominated by East, now by West, now Mohammedan, now Christian, only a writer so thoroughly imbued as Mr. Belloc is with the social and military history of Europe and the Near East can tell. There are essays on Scandinavia, on Russia and Poland, on sections of France closely allied with its destiny; there is a charming account of the Alban Lake and another of Saint Peter's, but far and away the most valuable to thinkers of our day are the essays on Spain, Portugal and the Middle East. To what uses will the harbor of Lisbon be put in the future, he asks. "It is an admirable base, whether for the attack upon, or the defence of, the entry into the Mediterranean. It lies on the flank of all that premier trade route of the modern world." Again, "If tomorrow Damascus is lost, which is possible enough, all the Near East, including Egypt, will soon after be lost to European control." He finds the reason for such prophecy in the history of the oldest city, which has, from time immemorial, been the centre of Mediterranean communication.

Implicit throughout is the author's feeling for history: "We do not restore the past because we cannot; but, by a desperate effort to restore it we maintain the continuity of life." To him, as to Saint Teresa of Avila, "All things are passing." "If a man were to live on through centuries and retain his memory (a thing impossible), what fun he would get out of the violent attachment to ephemeral things."

More carefully wrought, more packed with thought than any of these essays are those entitled "The Twin Soul of Spain," "Antioch," "Nazareth," "Capharnaum." A burning faith informs these, and a profound sadness.

Most of our travel these days must be retrospective, and a book such as this is doubly welcome, for it enriches our knowledge of places already visited, complements our musings on countries and cities, welds and gives breadth and wholeness to scattered memories.

D. H. MOSELEY.

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The Inner Forum

The Church in Iceland

THE CURRENT BULLETIN of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York features an article by Sigrid Undset on the history of the Church in Iceland prior to the Reformation. Christianity was generally accepted as the established religion of the country about the year 1000, although pagan rites and sacrifices, if practiced privately and giving no public offense, were still permitted. "During these first decades of the Christian era and the rule of the great and good bishops, the Icelanders seemed quite willing to let themselves be ruled by the hierarchy and to follow the laws of the Church. Arbitration mainly took the place of the old way of settling feuds among the families by fighting and revenge. During the times of Bishop Gissur [eleventh century] weapons and helmets almost has disappeared from the Althing" [meeting of the nobles].

"The literary flowering of Iceland was over with the end of the thirteenth century. But literary activity still went on: compilations like the big historical work called the Flatey Book, treatises on different matters and so on. To this era also belongs the immense volume of poetry, or at least rhymed stories, about the lives of the Saints and devotional poems to our Lady, most of them feeble imitations of Eyolf Asgrimssons' famous and splendid Lilha. . . ."

An article by Rev. Lambert Erkens, the League's spiritual director, tells of Bishop Thorarinn Sigurdsson of Skalholt, who in the fourteenth century introduced into Iceland the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. Bishop Jon Arasson of Holar introduced the first printing press into Iceland and thereby made possible the printing of the Roman calendar and the Breviary of Nidaros there in 1534. "A man of strange contradictions we find Jon Arasson a staunch defender of the teachings and rights of the Church and yet opposed to celibacy. With the greatest energy he fought for the defense of the old dogma and organized military opposition to the introduction of Lutheranism." He was betrayed by his friends into the hands of his enemies and executed November 7, 1551. He was the last Iceland bishop until the twentieth century.

CONTRIBUTORS

Count Carlo SFORZA after a diplomatic career in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East became Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs is 1919. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1920 and Italian Ambassador to France in 1922.

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